

CYCLISTS TURN OUT BY THE THOUSAND.

Take Possession of Boulevards,
Parks and Country
Roads.

Young Woman and Her Husband
Taken into Custody for
Scorching.

SHE FAINTS WHEN PUT IN A CELL.

Dressed in Light, Close-Fitting Knicker-
bockers, She Was Going at Racing
Speed in Spite of Many
Warnings.

There were seven ages of man, and, for that matter, of woman, too, astride the bicycle in New York yesterday. The day was not as propitious as the lovers of the sport longed for, but they were out by the thousands, nevertheless. Up the Boulevard and through their favorite haunts, Central Park, there was a constant procession of cyclists from early morning until long after midnight.

There was little or no scorching, and nothing to disturb the usual tranquility of the Boulevard until the afternoon. Then, however, there came scorching for dear life down the Boulevard a tandem, bearing what the casual observer would say were two slight, well-built boys. As they whizzed past a pile of nut-brown hair, visible at the back of the head of the rider on the front seat, made every man and boy stop stock still on the sidewalk and gaze after them in a dazed and bewildered way. She wore bloomers, too. They were made of exceedingly thin material. Her jacket blew back in the stiff breeze as she and her escort wheeled with dangerous speed down the Boulevard.

By the time they reached Sixty-fifth street, Policeman John Schussler, who had warned them once or twice before, thought it was time to act and arrested them.

THEY WERE ARRESTED.

They were marched to the West Sixty-fifth Street Station house, amid the humiliating cheers of the numerous small boys. Every cyclist on the Boulevard escorted the young couple to the station.

There the young woman had a series of fainting fits and became so hysterical it was with great difficulty that she was revived. The young man told Sergeant Townsend that they were Mr. and Mrs. James Orel, Jr., aged respectively nineteen and seventeen years old, and that they lived at No. 208 East Twenty-fifth street. Mr. Orel is an Austrian, and his young wife is an Italian.

As they had only 65 cents between them, Orel was locked up, and his wife, escorted by police, was taken to the station house in West Forty-seventh street, where Sergeant Schussler committed her to the care of the matron. Captain Sheenan offered her his private office, and sent a messenger boy to inform her father-in-law of her whereabouts, so that he might bail her out.

It was a comedown for the little New woman, who faced with such bravado the critical glances of the Boulevard. Such a limp little woman as she was when she showed her face on her arm and sobbed out to Sergeant Townsend that she didn't know anything about the rules against scorching and didn't mean to do any harm. She looked small and very penitent and more so when she was taken to the station house.

She and her husband will be arraigned in the Yorkville Police Court this morning.

CAUSED MUCH COMMENT.

Next to the woman scorching the sight that attracted most attention on the Boulevard was the New Woman on the man's wheel. She was there by the dozens, and her costume generally was about as near an approach to that of her brother riders as the most liberal-minded of dress reformers would dare don. One woman, tall and lank of form, was dressed in tightly-fitting knickerbockers, a blue sweater, white cap, tan colored stockings and shoes, and rode a man's "bike" with a red wheel. Then there were three rather good looking girls arrayed in English box coats, blue bloomers, stockings to match, tan shoes and Leghorn hats with blue bands. They were accompanied by an elderly lady.

One of the prettiest sights of the day was when the ferryboat Southfield pulled into the wharf at the foot of Whitehall street at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Tangled in rows on the deck were over 100 members of the Century Wheelman's Club, of this city, and the Arion Society, of Brooklyn. It was the club's outing day, and they had invited their sisters, sweethearts and wives to accompany them on a spin through Jersey. They left at 9 o'clock in the morning for Totenville, Staten Island, where dinner was served at a country clubhouse. Then they took a ride along the Hudson County Boulevard and the Port Richmond turnpike, returning by way of the Amboy road and the St. George ferry to the city.

BETTER THAN IN PARIS.

The men all wore the natty club uniform of gray with caps and stockings to match, and the word Century in gilt on their collars, while the ladies were attired in most becoming costumes gotten up for the occasion. There was a dearth of bloomers, in fact, only one woman leaving the boat with the club sported them. And to show that the club doesn't care for bloomers, one of the members remarked, rather contemptuously:

"She wasn't with our crowd. She just dropped in the parade somewhere along the road."

Edwin Corbin, the young Chicago lawyer and promoter, just returned from Paris, was among the most interested on-lookers at the entrance to the park. He was enthusiastic over the general appearance of the cyclists, and said that they were by all odds a better dressed, more refined looking and orderly crowd than could be found in any part of Europe.

"In Paris," said Mr. Corbin, "all classes of women wear cycling costumes whether they ride a wheel or not. The cafes along the boulevards are filled with them, and some of the suits worn are decidedly risqué. An attempt was made by the police while I was in Paris to arrest any man or woman wearing a bicycle costume who didn't own or ride a wheel, but the courts soon decreed that such a right was not within the province of the Commissionaires, and the matter was dropped.

The colored cyclists were again out en masse, and their gorgeous raiment outshone anything seen during the entire day. There were about forty in the party, including about fifteen women, nearly all of whom wore bloomers.

ACCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

One of the strangest accidents of the day and which came near resulting fatally oc-



SCENES ALONG THE DRIVES FAVORED BY THE CYCLISTS.

NIGHTS OF DANGER ON THE BOULEVARD.

Glow-Worm Lamps Add Hazard
to Wheeling and
Driving.

Pedestrians Cross the Dark but Popu-
lar Thoroughfare in Fear
of Death.

OBJECT LESSON FOR OFFICIALS.

Only \$5,000 Is Required to Make the Beau-
tiful Roadway Safe and There Are
Many Sources from Which
to Get It.

If Mayor Strong, Comptroller Fitch and Public Works Commissioner Collis have any doubt about the necessity for better lights on the Western Boulevard, they should have ridden through the crowded thoroughfare last night on bicycles—if they understand the art of wheeling—or in carriages.

From early morning until late at night the street was a great wheeling highway through which there was an army of cyclists constantly going each way. After dusk the air was crisp enough to make rapid pedalling delightful, and the danger when darkness came was increased. Collisions were frequent, and a number of wheels were wrecked and riders injured. The lights in the darkness appeared like fireflies, and had it not been for the bicycle lamps, crossing the Boulevard would have been too full of danger for a person possessed of any caution to attempt.

Not only was cycling made dangerous by the darkness, but so was driving. There could not have been a better night for the Committee on Lamps and Gas to get an object lesson—but all of them except General Collis say they are convinced that the better light is needed, and the delay is caused only by the lack of funds.

So far as Mayor Strong is concerned, it is quite clear from the course he is taking that he is determined the Boulevard shall be better lighted, and just as soon as he gets the rapid transit complications off his hands, he will find the \$5,000 required. To laymen this does not seem like a very difficult undertaking, for there are appropriations aggregating \$45,000,571.31, out of which it may be taken. These appropriations were made last December for the various city departments, and it is argued that one of the big chiefs should surely be able to give up \$5,000 for an improvement that thousands demand, or, if no single chief is sufficiently liberal, then several together might make up the amount.

There is Commissioner Collis, for instance, who was allowed \$3,270,530.00 with which to run his department. It cost him nothing to move into better quarters and buy new carpets, new rolling desks and leather-covered chairs, but it is thought that if he would figure closely he could probably find \$5,000 in an unexpended balance.

The provision for lamps and gas and electrical lighting was \$1,085,331. Superintendent McCormick, of this bureau, claims he will not have a dollar left at the end of the year, but then he is counting on paying an extra amount to the electric light company which had its lamps in place when Westchester was annexed. This claim is now pending in court, and it is thought that Corporation Counsel Scott could be counted on to prolong the case until after the new year. If this were done, Mr. McCormick could go ahead and double the illuminating power of the Boulevard lamps without running any risk of going to prison for exceed-

ing his appropriation.

But even if Commissioner Collis fails to find the money, it can be taken from any other department whose head discovers an unexpended balance. Comptroller Fitch might discover it in the \$316,400 he gets to run the Finance Department, or Corpora-

tion Counsel Scott in the \$295,050 set aside for the Law Department. The other sources are the Department of Public Parks, \$1,219,255; Department of Public Charities, \$1,548,417; Department of Correction, \$475,969.33; Health Department, \$519,508; Police Department, \$5,025,410.30; De-

partment of Street Cleaning, \$3,020,700; Bureau of Elections, \$512,294; Department of Buildings, \$265,000; Department of Taxes and Assessments, \$102,520; Board of Education, \$5,070,302.59; and the Department of Street Improvements, Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards, \$633,000.



PRAYERS FOR THE CZAR IN THE RUSSIAN CHAPEL.

Many loyal subjects of the Czar of Russia attended the 11 o'clock service at the Russian Orthodox Chapel, No. 323 Second avenue, yesterday, in the expectation of a special mass in honor of the coronation of the "White Czar," whom Russians delight to call "Bathuska Goshudar." The special mass will not be celebrated until Tuesday, so the Slavic congregation demonstrated its loyalty and devotion by the fervor with which it participated in the services.

The chapel is an old-time Second avenue mansion that has been converted to the uses of the church, and the rooms that were the drawing rooms were crowded so that when the people knelt in prayer for the Russian Emperor there was hardly room.

The altar, in what was once the back parlor, is profusely decorated in honor of the Emperor, and in anticipation of the formal celebration to-morrow. Fyethy Volanovitch, priest, and Ilia Zolifoff, his acolyte, in the gorgeous robes of the Russian Church, led the usual services. Consul-General Alexander Olarovsky was among those present.

For Tuesday's celebration, Mr. Olarovsky has issued invitations to Governor Morton, Mayor Strong, General Ruger, all of the foreign Consuls in New York, and the members of Farragut Post, G. A. R.

HIS BLOOMER PATH A GREAT SUCCESS.

Pastor Winchester's Cycle Track
Makes the Church Folk
Stare, However.

Letters Pouring in on the Minister,
Not All of Them Pleasant
Either.

VERSATILITY OF THE PREACHER.

Besides the Business of Saving Souls, Dr.
Winchester Is a Real Estate Agent,
a Salesman and Member of
Various Organizations.

Middletown, N. Y., May 24.—Rev. Chas. M. Winchester, pastor of the Free Christian Church, of this city, is happy. His bicycle track for bloomer-wearing men and women is an assured success, and has been so well advertised that he is receiving letters from all parts of the country on the subject, some of them complimenting, some ridiculing and some with an eye to business.

Parson Winchester came to this city about twenty years ago, and, as a temperance advocate, he reformed nearly all the men in the city and had all the ministers dismissing their congregations Sunday nights that they might change their services. As time passed the ministers changed their opinions of the temperance divine, but not until he had drawn away from them a congregation of several hundred people. He next became a business man, with wealthy backers, and found time and opportunity to preach three times Sunday, hold prayer-meetings twice a week and carry on the duties of a real estate agent, sales agent for the Star Spring Bed Company, member of the Masonic order, Royal Templars of Temperance, Equitable Aid Union, Chaplain of Phoenix Fire Engine Co., and of General Lyon Post, G. A. R., the latter office being due to the fact that he is a veteran of the Twelfth Rhode Island Regiment.

Dr. Winchester's ventures were all successful and he is now well to do. His last scheme is the purchase of seventeen acres of land in the western end of the city overlooking the State Homeopathic Hospital grounds. A lake covering twenty acres adjoins it and a grove covers his tract. Mr. Winchester was found to-day at the new track which he has built.

ALL WILL WEAR BLOOMERS.

"Come out here," said he, when the object of the visit was explained, "until I show you something. Now, there is the best bicycle track outside of Manhattan Field to be found in the State of New York. It's a sixth of a mile in circumference and twelve feet wide. Three clubs have been given the privilege of using the track and they are designated as the red, the white and the blue clubs. The red club is composed of men, the white of ladies and the blue of youths and children. These clubs pay a small amount monthly to keep the track in shape, and to have it reserved exclusively for them at certain hours. The members of the clubs will wear bloomers, of course—all sensible people wear bloomers in riding. What looks worse than a woman with skirt flying up in the air every time the pedals revolve or a gust of wind meets her? I won't say that we will restrict the ladies exclusively to bloomers, just now, but I think they will all want to wear them in this quiet retreat."

Dr. Winchester was asked if he was meeting with opposition from members of his church, but he evaded the question, saying: "I'm getting letters from out-of-town people. Here's one." It was from the office of M. G. Place, Philadelphia, and was as follows:

LIKES THE IDEA.

Dear Sir: I notice an article in an evening paper where it states that you will not allow any female cyclists to ride her wheel on the bicycle course at Columbia Park without her willingness to don the bloomer costume. I think it an excellent idea, and hope you will carry it out. In my estimation it is the only proper costume for ladies desiring the pleasure of a wheel, both for comfort and elegance. I am a great advocate of it here in the bloomer costume and hope you will meet with great success, as it may be the means of waking up some of our American ladies to proper dress.

A large dancing hall, bowling alley and tower are now being erected, and a big wagon, of the all-night-lunch variety and bearing the name "White House Cafe," is being prepared for the exclusive use of women bicyclists. Here they can don the bloomers and check their wheels if they like.

The minister's plan, while it is causing some condemnation from members of other churches, seems likely to become popular with the riders here, as the police have restricted their speed to eight miles an hour in the city's streets.

HOTEL DE RAINES PRICES.

Pig's Head and Cabbage at \$1.25 a Plate.
Detectives Invade a Masonic
Meeting.

The arrests yesterday for violation of the Excise law were few, although a certain number of policemen in each precinct were especially detailed to watch all places where liquor was sold.

In the Tenderloin district Detectives Calahan and Rosenberg noticed that a room over the saloon at No. 510 Sixth avenue was crowded, and, knowing that the saloon keeper had no hotel license, they followed some men up the stairs and pushed their way into the room. There they found themselves unbidden guests at a Masonic lodge meeting and beat a hasty retreat.

Daniel O'Rourke threw open his saloon-hotel at No. 180 Park road yesterday for the first time, and Acting Captain Young, of the Elizabeth Street Station, went in to look the bill of fare over. He found items like the following: "Pig's head and cabbage, \$1.25; spare ribs, \$1.50; breast of lamb, \$1.75." The only cheap articles were the sandwiches—five cents apiece.

"Your prices are pretty steep," said Young to O'Rourke.

"Well, I wouldn't ask them if I didn't think I'd get them," was the reply.

Four saloon-hotelers on a single Bowery block did a big business yesterday. They were at Nos. 129, 131, 133 and 137. Just across the street Steve Brodie's was closed, but a club was in session over Sullivan's, which is at No. 116, next door to Brodie's. A policeman stood outside the building counting members to discover its popularity and standing.

EX-ALDERMAN PARKS GIVES BAIL.

Ex-Alderman Charles Parks, in the rear room of whose saloon, at No. 118 West Thirty-ninth street, the police of the West Thirtieth Street Station found gambling apparatus when they raided the place last Friday night, was arrested yesterday. In Jefferson Market Court he was charged with keeping a gambling house. He was held in \$1,500 bail for examination to-morrow.